

The Pocahontas Times.

V. LXXX No 26

Marlinton, Pocahontas Co., W. Va. - 1 Virginia, February 1 1912

#1 00 A Year

GROUND-HOG DAY

The Ground Hog (may his tribe decrease!)

Awoke one morning from a dream of peace,

And said, I guess I must be on my way;

Here's the cold gray dawn of Ground-hog day;

But a slant sun broke through a bitter sky,

The Ground-hog saw, with a contented sigh,

And as to sweet oblivion sinks,

Says, here I get my forty winks.

We will start with the twins, Romulus and Remus, suckled by a she-wolf in a cave called Lupercus outside of what is now Rome.

This cave of the wolf was on the side of the Palatine hill. After Rome had been duly incorporated and gotten to be a considerable sized place, the people put on airs, until dagonit, the farmers didn't know whether they ought to go and visit their Roman friends or not.

This thing of negotiating a grape fruit salad with olive oil and other trimmings and never make an error, is a child's play.

The Romans finally started something they called the Lupercal sacrifice. And they held it in February. They enlisted all the celebrants under the name of Luperci.

All this Luperc business is from lupus or lupa the Latin word for wolf. And they surely let the wolf howl in Rome in them days. People came to town like the Pennsylvanians to Philadelphia to see the mummer on New Year's night.

The Wolves as we will call them in English, got some goats and a dog and killed them with a sword, and then they picked out two of the young men and touched their foreheads with the blood, and skinned the animals and made thongs, and the wolves ran about the town striking the people with these whips. If a woman was hit with a thong it prevented sterility but the book does not say whether the women went out of their way to get hit or not.

Then the two chosen young men were taken before the altar and the ritual required that they should laugh. Then they killed the two young men. That was the loud laugh that spoke the vacant chair.

History says that it was a kind of a reform movement, or what is just the same performed for the purification of the city. They called the thongs Februa, the festival Feruatio, and the day Dies Februatus. Hence the name of the month, February of our present calendar.

Along about the year of Justinian, 542, the day became a church festival, and was called Candlemas. It commemorates the purification of the Virgin, and its observance is by lighting candles in the churches. The candles which are to be used for ecclesiastical purposes during the year are consecrated on this day. It was a part of the rites of the Lupercalia, that is the lighting of the candles as well as a rite of purification. This occasion is observed by the Roman Catholic church, and the date is the 2nd day of February.

Then after a time America was discovered and with it a marmot which we call the ground hog.

The 2nd day of February has been called Ground-hog's day from time immemorial. It is not based on any rhyme or reason, but it will not down. Practically every paper published in the country from Virginia to Maine, and as far west as nobody knows where, will mention ground hog day this week.

Some think that the Hagerstown Almanac has something to do with it. This is a publication dating back to the time when the memory of man runs not to the contrary. And by the way Hagerstown is not proud of her almanac. They do not appreciate their fame.

The ground hog is supposed to wake from his winter sleep and if the day is cloudy he knows that winter is over and does not go back to sleep. If the sun shines and he sees his shadow, he returns for another six weeks of winter.

"If Candlemas be fair and bright,

the end of winter is not in sight."

Now as to this member of the weather bureau. His Sunday name is Arctomys Monax, meaning literally, the solitary bear-mouse. He is distinguished from the other marmots on account of his solitary habits and his surly temper. They do not make good pets, and their smell is not at all engaging.

Local names are numerous: Woodchuck, ground-hog, whistle pig, moonack, siffleur, (French Canadian), Maryland marmot, and Quebec marmot are among the local names.

He burrows in fields and is destructive to all crops and is therefore considered a nuisance. In the middle and northern states, he is torpid for half the year. The flesh is often eaten but it is coarse and unsavory.

He is never seen far from his burrow and on the approach of danger dives swiftly into it. It can fight in extremity, and for its weight put up as good a fight as any animal, but it is of a humble and retiring disposition. In his jungle books, Kipling makes the marmot take the place of a poor man, who is always urging his poverty.

Anyone fond of hunting finds plenty of opportunity to exercise his stalking abilities and the accuracy of his rifle shooting in pursuit of this animal. It adds also to the social hilarity of the small boy, who gives a party to dig it out of its hole and have the family dog kill it at the end. The farmer comes along and finds where the little fellows have left a hole big enough to bury a horse in, but he remembers when he was a boy, and passes on.

The Monroe Watchman says: A great bald eagle was caught in steel traps near Rock Camp, this county, last Sunday morning, January 21, by two boys, Porter Smith, (son of Mr. D. C. Smith), and Lucy Raines (son of Mr. Reed Raines.) The eagle had been ravaging flocks of poultry in that section, seizing and carrying off grown chickens, ducks, and turkeys. With the carcass of a turkey the boys baited two steel traps and when they visited the snare Monday morning they found the big pirate of the air fairly caught in both. They bound the prisoner and carried him home alive, and still have him on exhibition. The eagle measures seven feet and two inches from tip to tip of wings and the two proudest boys in Monroe county are his captors.

In the Supreme Court of Appeals a few days ago a writ of error was refused in the case of M. and W. B. Dunn vs. R. L. Clark trustee. This suit was brought in the circuit court of Monroe county for the purpose of fixing the liability of the stockholders of the defunct bank of Union, which made an assignment on February 19, 1909. The Monroe court held that the stockholders of the bank were the ones liable to the creditors to double the amount of the stock held by them after the assets had been exhausted. The supreme court refused an appeal and thereby affirmed the holding of the lower court.

Report of the Moore School, Huntersville District, for the 4th month, ending January 26, 1912. Number enrolled, boys 14 girls 16 total 30; per cent of attendance boys 98, girls 98. Pupils neither absent nor tardy this month: Claud Malcomb, Clare and Mason Sydenstricker, Arnett Moore, Willard Dever, Raymond Sydenstricker, Clarence Newman, Roscoe Beverage, Icie Malcomb, Hope Sydenstricker, Annie and Hazel Newman, Lizzie and Reta Harold, Genevieve Moore, Hallie and Hazel Beverage.

J. H. Sydenstricker, Teacher.

Down in Fayette county last week, J. L. Long, a saloonist, of Hill Top, was sentenced to six months in jail and fined for selling liquor on Sunday.

A WAR TIME LETTER

In going over some old papers Rev. G. S. Weiford came upon a letter dated January 15, 1864, directed to "Friend Lieutenant" and signed "Jennie." The post office is Hillside, Virginia. Mr. Weiford knows nothing about the letter, and is at a loss to know how in came to be among his papers. Our good friend James W. Warwick, Jr., very kindly copied the letter for us, and from it we take the following:

"Since the Yankees have been forced to evacuate the Valley as far as Winchester the spirits of the good people that seem to ebb and flow with the movements of the enemy, are of course on the ascending scale. The last stampede made was the most ridiculous we have had the fun of witnessing yet. Farmers 'skeddaddling' with all manner of portable property, each striving to outstrip the velocity of the other. Wagons loaded with the oppressed race's might have been seen rushing three abreast, in vain, to penetrate the cloud of horses, cattle, hogs, sheep, etc., that literally crowded the road for miles. Had the whole posse of fallen spirits from the lower regions been in hot pursuit, not more frightened could have been the mein of the flying fugitives. Our house was crowded to overflowing; among the number I counted ten or fifteen able bodied men, all securely protected from the biting cold by warm clothing, anxiously gazing out at the pike where our thinly clad infantry troops were passing—rapidly marching on to protect their homes from the despoiling hands of the foe. What think you of the Substitute Bill? Will not our able bodied citizens be offered the opportunity of showing their patriotism? Some I understand, have already stamped fins on their hitherto unblemished lives by filing off to Yankeeedom. I heard this week, through our friend Mr. Carpenter, that one of my old sweethearts, who paid the pitiful sum of \$100 some two years ago, if I mistake not, for a substitute, contemplates taking his departure soon. I have to say, with you, peace go with him and much happiness too, and a nice African lady for a wife when he gets there!

"You did not say how and where you spent the holidays—pleasantly I trust. Would have enjoyed it could you have formed one of our cheerful little groups at Hillside. We did not have as much company as we expected. Many of our friends in the army whose intention it was to spend the festive season with us, failed to procure furloughs, consequently we looked for them in vain. Even my own brother, who has been within fourteen miles of home, was disappointed in getting a leave of absence, until a day or two ago. Then he only came and went—his stay was so transient it was only a hearty greeting and then a sad farewell. Captain Dowdell and Lieut. Wells, thanks to the fever and ague, spent a week with us. I heard by some means that Mr. Carpenter and his exquisite little friend Lieut. Ford expected to take their Christmas dinner with us and would that eagerness should grace the occasion, but they came not.

"Would send you the paper containing Letcher's message but gave it to some soldiers who spent the night with us some time since. You must take good care of Jennie, my namesake. Horses are my favorite pets. I suppose it is owing to the fact that I never undertake to pet one, however refractory at first, but what I finally succeed. I boast myself too, on being a right skillful equestrienne and should Jennie ever bear her master to the Valley, I may have an opportunity of testing her powers of locomotion.

"Since I am your only correspondent, I trust when you write again you will take more time and write more at length, as I dearly love long letters."

THE POCAHONTAS \$1.00 a year.

DICKENS' ADVICE TO HIS SON.

Charles Dickens wrote the following letter to his youngest son on the occasion of his leaving home in September, 1868, to join his brother in Australia: "I write this note today because your going away is much on my mind, and because I want you to have a few parting words from me, to think of now and then at quiet times. I need not tell you that I love you dearly, and am very, very sorry in my heart to see you go. But this life is half made up of partings, and these pains must be borne. It is my comfort and my sincere conviction that you are going to try the life for which you are best fitted. I think its freedom and wildness more suited to you than any experiment in a study or office would have been; and without that training you could have followed no other suitable occupation. What you have always wanted until now has been a set, steady, constant purpose. I therefore exhort you to persevere in a thorough determination to do whatever you have to do as well as you can do it. I was not so old as you are now when I first had to win my food, and do it out of this determination; and I have never slackened in it since. Never take a mean advantage of anyone in any transaction, and never be hard upon people who are in your power. Try to do to others as you would have them do to you, and do not be discouraged if they fail sometimes. It is much better for you that they should fail in obeying the greatest rule laid down by our Saviour than that you should. I put a New Testament among your books for the very same reason and with the very same hopes that made me write an easy account of it for you when you were a little child. Because it is the best book that ever was or will be known to the world; and because it teaches you the best lessons by which any human creature who tries to be truthful and faithful to duty can possibly be guided. As your brothers have gone away, one by one, I have written to each such words as I am now writing to you, and have entreated them all to guide themselves by this Book, putting aside the interpretations and inventions of man. You will remember that you have never at home been harassed about religious observances or mere formalities. I have always been anxious not to weary my children with such things before they are old enough to form opinions respecting them. You will therefore understand the better that I now most solemnly impress upon you the truth and beauty of the Christian religion as it came from Christ himself, and the impossibility of your going far wrong if you humbly but heartily respect it. Only one thing more on this head. The more we are in earnest as to feeling it, the less we are disposed to hold forth about it. Never abandon the wholesome practice of saying your own private prayers, night and morning. I have never abandoned it myself, and I know the comfort of it. I hope you will always be able to say in after life that you had a kind father. You cannot show your affection for him so well, or make him so happy, as by doing your duty.—Selected.

RESOLUTIONS OF RESPECT

Whereas it has pleased Almighty God in His wise providence to remove the mother of our worthy brother, C. P. Kerr, Be it resolved

That the officers and members of Dixie Lodge No. 313, I. O. O. F. extend to our brother our sincere sympathy in his bereavement and commend him to the One who comforts "even as a mother comforts."

Resolved, That a copy of these resolutions be spread upon our minutes, a copy sent to brother Kerr and a copy sent to the Pocahontas Times for publication.

M. C. KRAMER,
W. H. ARBOGAST,
J. F. FOLE.

COUGAR OR PANTHER.

The cougar is an animal little known in this state, being nearly extinct. The cougar is known in different localities by certain names. In the far west, it is known as the "Mountain Lion," in the east as the "panther" or "painter," in the south as the "puma." You hear so many stories about the fierce panther but the most of these are false. Only in rare cases have they been known to attack man and generally in these instances they were wounded or starved for want of food. But the panther is perfectable to attack man, being about seven or eight feet from tip to tip and weighing from 125 to 175 pounds, and are found much larger in some localities. They live mostly on game such as rabbits, grouse and even sheep and deer.

Crouching on a limb over head and await prey and with a terrible scream springs on the helpless animal and with one jerk breaks its neck. Where food is plentiful they will only suck the blood or eat a small portion of the animal. Their screams are heart-rending—not unlike a person in distress and the person who is so "fortunate" as to hear one will not forget it soon. But as the cougar is very cowardly toward man, our Pocahontas friends need not be afraid of their own safety but more so of their stock if they have any unless the panther roams, and if you find a track that you don't know and it looks like a wild cat only being about four inches in diameter you may know that it is the "hand" of the cougar or panther. Very respectfully,

TRAPPER.

PARENTS AND SCHOOL TEACHERS

Parents, it is to our vital interest to walk hand in hand with our children's school teacher, and to teach the little ones to love and obey their teacher. From the time when they are babies he is their constant companion for the larger part of each year, impressing on their tender minds not only the lessons of their books, but loyalty to God, loyalty to their country and loyalty to their fellow schoolmates. Impress upon the children that he must be obeyed and trusted, and that he will teach them the first steps to all their success in life. When the children come home at night with a grievous tale about the teacher. Dear parents, stop for a moment before you give your answer. Think of the task that the teacher has day after day, managing 20 or 30 pupils, little and big, of all dispositions and temperaments. Put your in his place. Could you do better?

The writer heard a mother say, "Oh how glad I will be when school begins and I can have some peace. When the children are all at home I cannot do anything with them."

My heart went out in sympathy for the young teacher who was soon to take charge of that noisy crowd. Let us appreciate the teacher as he deserves, and lend our aid in helping them in any way that we can for good. I am sure it will be appreciated.

E. C. B.

Already the national government has acquired by purchase 160,000 acres in the Appalachian region for forest preserves. This land is in the states of Virginia, North Carolina, Tennessee, and Georgia. The next purchase will be in West Virginia, probably in Randolph, Pocahontas and Pendleton counties. These purchases are being made under the Weeks law, the general purpose of which is to insure a maintenance of a perpetual growth of trees at the head waters of the principal rivers rising in the highlands, thus preventing erosion of lands which fill up the channels of navigable streams; to reduce to a minimum loss of life and property by devastating floods; and to maintain a steady flow of streams.

ROYAL BAKING POWDER

Absolutely Pure

The only Baking Powder made from Royal Grape Cream of Tartar

NO ALUM, NO LIME PHOSPHATE

THE EXILE

I am down in Arizona, On its cactus-cover'd plains, The white plague on my hollow cheeks,

Its fever in my veins. I am down upon the desert, 'Tis a God forsaken land, When you fight with odds against you,

When you've taken your last stand Where you live out in the open, 'Mong the sage-brush and mesquite With a rattler for a neighbor, Not the friendliest to meet,

Where you fling your self upon a bunk To rest your weary head, And you shake the blooming scorpions From the covers of your bed.

They say this country, way down here Is full of precious gold, Its mountains filled with silver, And countless wealth untold.

But I know another country, And my heart with longing fills, Where the gold is in the sunset Upon its purple hills.

Where the silver's in a brooklet, And it's set with emerald too, As it flashes in the sunlight Of the meadow, stealing through.

A country—God's own country, And my own to sacrifice, Some call it fair New England, But I call it—Paradise.

'Tis Thanksgiving in New England, 'Tis the dear old homeland feast, And like a Moslem way down here My prayers are toward the East.

The neighbors that I knew so well, I seem to see them still, Are winding in procession To the white church on the hill. There's the greeting at the doorway,

There's the dear old family pew, And the dearest faces in it, That a lonely man e'er knew, And a sweet face in the choir,

And a hand I long to press, Oh God! to hold her close again, As when she whispered—"yes."

Oh, I look out o'er the sage-brush, As I stretch my yearning hands O'er the long unbroken reaches, Of the desert's burning sands, To a land where brooks are honest When your lips are parched and dry,

Not the canyon's clear, deceptive streams Of tasteless alkali. New England has no mountains Full of wealth and mines and drills But I'd give this whole damn'd country

For one sight of its Green hills. I am down in Arizona, And I'm told I've got to stay Till the Angel Gabriel blows his trumpet

Out on the Judgment Day. I've been here three years already, And the white plague's held in check, And my broncho and the pale horse

Are going neck by neck. But, oh God! for Old New England, As the lonely years go by; Let the pale horse beat my broncho.

Take me home and—let me die.—John Warren Harper in Scribner's Magazine.

Dead letter list for week ending January 27, 1912.

Hendershot, C. W.

Sanborn, Mrs. Mary

Polente, Giacomo

Cards: Pritt, Miss Ethel

Ruckman, Mrs. Mary

Unless claimed will be sent to dead letter office, Feb. 10, 1912.

A. S. Overholt, P. M.

DISTRICT READING CIRCLE

Will convene at Cas, W. Va. on Saturday, Feb. 10, 1912. The following is the program:

The Reform of English Studies, Floyd Winter.

The School Versus the Social Environment, J. T. Hull.

The Duties and Opportunities of Parents, W. P. Starcher.

Kindergarten and its Influence on the Future Work of Pupils, Miss Jessie Willett.

Story Telling, Miss Jessie P Snodgrass.

Material for Memorizing and Declamation, Mrs. Nora Burns.

Teaching Beginners to Read and Write, Mrs. Mary Gladwell.

Correlation and its Advantages, Ervin Dorsey.

The Value of Illustrations in Reading, Mrs. Maud Burner.

Composition, oral and written in the Primary Grades, Miss Flossie Conrad.

Reading in the Grammar Grades—What to read, Don Van Devenner.

Punctuation and its relation to Good English, Jasper Bond.

Ethical ends in Teaching English, C. F. Hull.

How to Develop the Pupil's Taste for Good Literature, Geo. B. Lanham.

Personal Influence of the teacher, J. M. Hockman.

General Discussion of Round Table Topics.

Every teacher in Greenbank district is kindly requested to attend this meeting as we expect to complete "Chubb's The Teaching of English." This will also probably be our last meeting for this school year. Fellow teachers, please arrange to be present and bring your friends with you. Parents are especially invited. Suitable music will be provided. Will begin work promptly at 10 o'clock a. m.

Ervin Dorsey, Chairman.

Don Van Devenner Secretary.

ARBOVALE

January, 1912 has been the coldest for a number of years—freezing apples, potatoes and canned fruits in cellars that were supposed to be frost proof.

Hauling lumber to Cass has been the order of the day for some time, but the natural bridge at Gratz Slaves gave away and it is not so nice crossing the creek as it was.

There was quite a lot of first-class ice put up for next summer's ice cream, etc.

Monroe Beard took several of the young folks of Arbovale and vicinity on a hay ride one night last week, to Jesse Warwick's, where they were treated to home made candy.

Mrs. J. O. Beard and two of her daughters, Mrs. Mack Kerr and Mrs. Walter Arbogast, were the guests of Mrs. F. L. Gillispie one day last week.

The Literary Society at Pine Grove was right up to date Saturday night. Question for debate: Resolved, That woman has more influence over man than money. The negative side gained the day.

The Arbovale school is progressing nicely under the instruction of Mrs. Gladwell, who is a first class teacher.

Rev. Henderson preached a very instructive sermon last Sunday, from Ephesians 5th chapter, 1st and 2nd verses.

Mrs. Hulda Woodell has been sick for several days.

On March second, the White Sulphur Springs District, of Greenbrier county, will vote on the question of issuing bonds to the amount of \$20,000 for the purpose of building and furnishing the White Sulphur District High School at White Sulphur Springs.